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The WAR CRY

Easter



1944



Marjorie
THOMPSON

Pause on the Emmaus Road



Soft brown earth and a fleecy curtain of cloud



LEAVES

for the Healing of Nations

Epic Story of The Salvation Army's World-Wide Medical Missionary Work, Which Started from Inauspicious Experiments in a Small Room

With the present-day growth and development of The Army's Medical Missionary Work in many lands, the following glimpses into the romantic beginnings of this remarkable branch of service will not only interest readers, but will serve to draw attention to an epic story of which too little is known in the Western Hemisphere.

Lieut.-Colonel Henry J. Andrews, V.C., M.B.E., I.M.S., the man who initiated the work, was the youngest of a numerous family living in a ramshackle house in the East End of London; his mother died after giving him life. He had no medical qualifications when he undertook, in a small bathroom, experiments which became the seed of a work now embracing Leper Colonies, Maternity Work, Dispensary Service, General Hospitals, Blind Work, Dental Treatment and other enterprises for the alleviation of suffering in many lands, and died caring for wounded while himself exposed to danger. He was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross for the heroism with which he served his fellows in his last hours.

The story is taken, in the main, from The Army's International Quarterly, "All the World."

HOW a motherless boy got from the East London home, into which he was born, the youngest of a large family, to India, where the sight of so much suffering moved him to make efforts which became the beginnings of Salvation Army medical work around the world, has been told by the late General Bramwell Booth in his book, "Echoes and Memories," thus:

"Near my father's house on the border of Victoria Park there was a little street of workmen's houses, small, and built as closely together as possible, with the front doors opening flush with the pavement. They were akin to the poorest sort of ramshackle buildings of the period. In one of these houses I came across the wife of a foreman in a cardboard-box factory in the City. They had a numerous family, and the wife, who had lately given birth to another child, was very ill. I visited her on several occasions, prayed with her, and tried to bring her into the Light.

"When she died her last request to me was that I should take charge of the baby—the latest of her family. Perhaps not altogether realizing what I was undertaking, I promised that I would. Naturally I turned to my mother for assistance, and after a certain amount of negotiation the little boy—Harry, we called him—

was brought into our own home and placed under the care of my sister, Emma. The boy grew and prospered, and gave early evidence of being a child of God. While still in his teens he developed a singular gift for caring for the sick.

"When in 1888 my sister was married to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, the pioneer of our work in India, and went to the East, this lad begged us to send him, also. He was no sooner there than he began to take an interest in the sick people connected with the Indian Societies which The Army had formed in various places. He had a remarkable knowledge of hydropathy, and was able to do some good work with

that system. By this success he won the confidence of the people.

"Then he began to lance small abscesses and so on. I purchased and sent him a second-hand dental outfit, and he took out bad teeth, and was soon allowed to attend even the Indian women.

"A remarkable gift for surgery presently developed, including skill in setting broken bones, and we

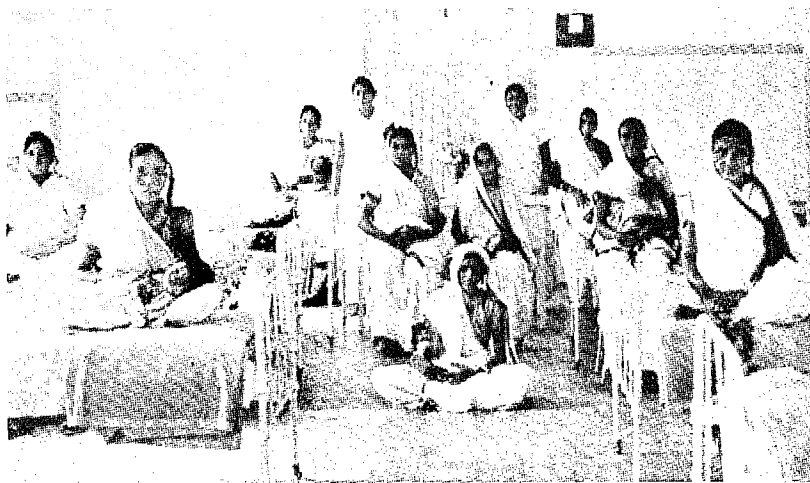
adopted according to the practice of Salvation Army Missionary Officers on his appointment to the country, Andrews, now an Adjutant, started in a tiny bathroom an amateur dispensary, the first significant seed of The Salvation Army medical tree in India—in fact, in the whole wide world. He had at the time received no medical training but he was what might truly be called 'a born doctor,' and he studied diligently to fit himself for his task. As the work grew, and the crowds that came for assistance increased, he felt the need of some one with more skilled medical knowledge. His home furlough being due, he left for London, where he had heard that there was a Corps Officer, a Captain Perry Turner, who was a qualified doctor, and feeling that there was the answer to his prayers, he sought out this comrade.

"Long these two consecrated young men sat and talked together; vivid were the pictures the pioneer Officer drew of the sufferings and need of the crowds that daily thronged to the diminutive dispensary, nestling amongst the graceful palm trees of Southern India, until the listening Captain felt the half-formed desires and aspirations in his mind grow to a certainty.

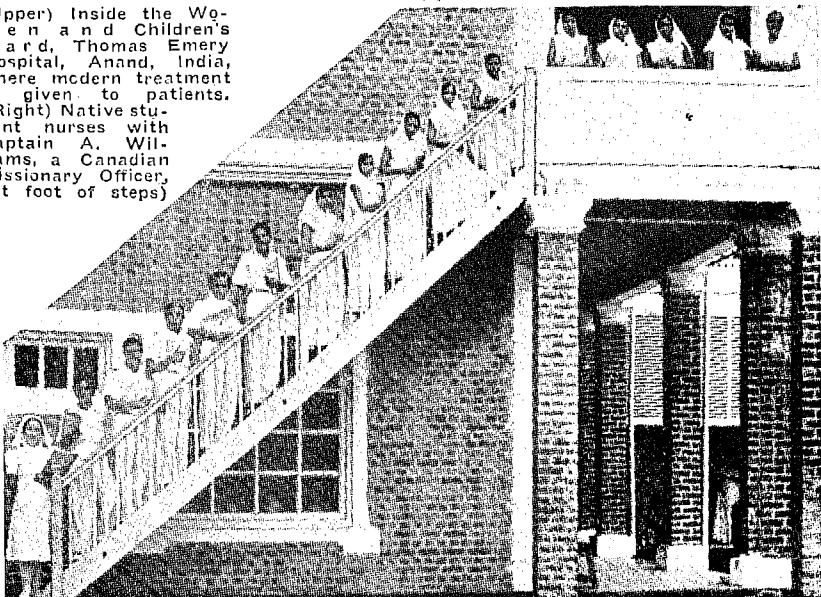
"Adjutant Sikundar returned to India, having obtained a grant from the International Headquarters in London, to enable him to establish the 'Catherine Booth' dispensary at Nagercoil. It was an immediate success, partly because of the need, and partly because of his intense enthusiasm. Often he spent half the night studying for the work which awaited him on the morrow. More and more the burden of the work pressed upon him, and almost every Home mail carried letters to Dr. Turner saying how much he was looking forward to his coming.

"On the arrival of Dr. Daya Nasen (Turner) in Travancore, Adjutant Sikundar was transferred at his own request to our ordinary operations in Gujarat. But the medical instinct in him was too strong to be thus extinguished. Again he found himself surrounded with a mass of human suffering which appealed to his heart. The experience he had

(Continued on page 14)



(Upper) Inside the Women and Children's Ward, Thomas Emery Hospital, Anand, India, where modern treatment is given to patients. (Right) Native student nurses with Captain A. Williams, a Canadian Missionary Officer, (at foot of steps)



brought him to London and gave him a six months' course as 'dresser' at one of the big hospitals. Here he proved himself something of a genius, learning more than any ordinary dresser would pick up in years. Returning to India, he was placed in charge of a small hospital. Although he was unable, according to the English law, to grant a death certificate, he treated hundreds of cases with the greatest success. The hospital was enlarged, partly by the gift of wealthy Indian patients whom he had benefited, and before very long he began to perform major operations."

WHAT followed from these developments is best described in the words of Commissioner Booth-Tucker in "Muktifauj" (The Salvation Army):

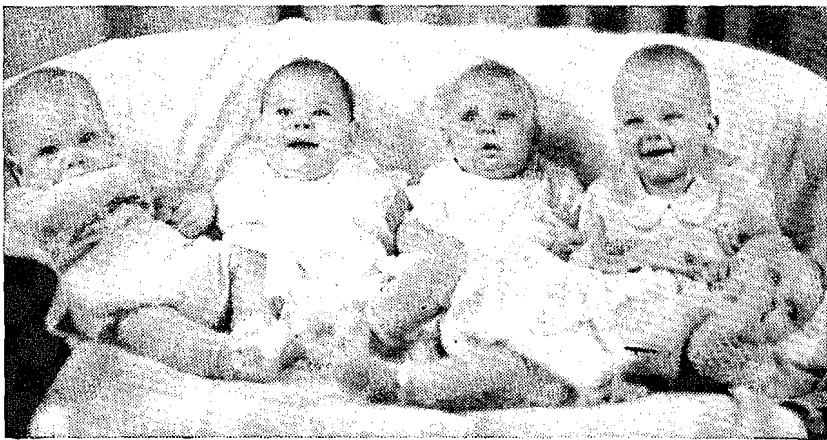
"Serving on the Nagercoil Headquarters Staff under the Indian name of Sikundar, which he had



IN GOOD CARE.—Trained workers watch over the interests of the young

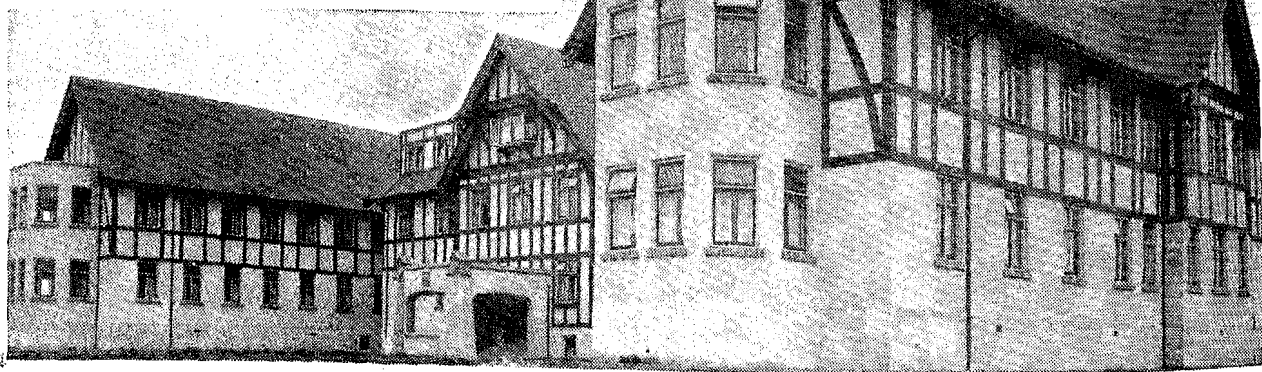


(Left) Waste material is turned into useful articles at the Industrial Institutions. Toymakers are deftly remaking toys for little here shown folk. Incidentally, the men—often reclaimed from society's scrap-heap—help to remake themselves



STUDY IN EXPRESSION.—A quintet of new arrivals in an Army Hospital

Right: Vancouver Grace Hospital. One of The Army's long chain of Hospitals stretching from Newfoundland to the Pacific Ocean



REMINISCENCES.—The Army's Eventide Homes are conducive to comfort, comradeship—and conversation

AS YE HAVE DONE IT
UNTO ME
MY BRETHEN . . .



Reproduction of an early-day print showing The Army's first Social Work endeavors, inaugurated sixty years ago



"HE IS RISEN"

The Final Test was the Tomb
But Jesus Was Triumphant!

By THE TERRITORIAL COMMANDER



WITHIN the last year I paid a hurried visit to Westminster Abbey, London, Eng., partly to see what damage may have been done in that neighborhood by enemy bombers, and partly to see the inscription on the grave of "The Unknown Warrior."

It is claimed that this famous Ab-

we know, lived and toiled and acted somewhat like other men—that is, if we except the Temple incident when He was twelve years of age.

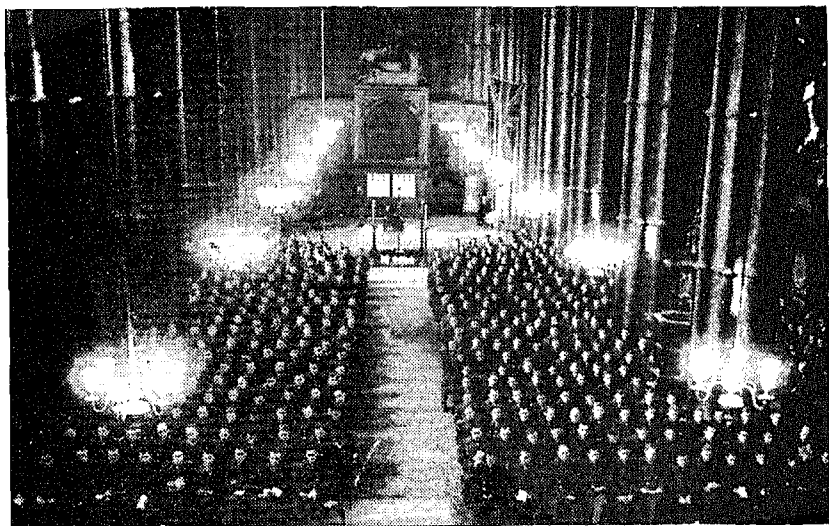
During the three years of His earthly ministry it is true that "no man spake like this Man"; no one performed miracles like He did; no one preached as He did; no one lifted up such lofty standards for human conduct; and no one taught like He did—"as one in authority."

men doubtless were; was crucified on a Cross, as were others; and was laid in a tomb similar to many others in Palestine. Even His friends came later with the usual preparations for the preservation of the body.

It is true that the enemies of Jesus were afraid of Him, even after He was laid in the tomb, which was sealed and guarded; and well they might be, for He had done so many unusual things in His life, for the poor and distressed and bereaved. Moreover, He had spoken so positively about Himself, saying He would rise again on the third day. These and many other things disturbed the thoughts of His enemies, whose consciences doubtless troubled them greatly.

ness of the Garden of Gethsemane. We accompany Him to the Judgment Hall, and later to the place called Golgotha.

We are awed at the thought of



ON SACRED GROUND.—Servicemen worship in Westminster Abbey, with the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in the background.

bey is one of the best examples of early English architecture now in existence, and too, within its walls lie buried the earthly remains of many Sovereigns and others of our illustrious dead—warriors, benefactors, statesmen, missionaries, poets, painters, musicians. Indeed, to many, Westminster is Westminster because the mortal remains of so many of the great there sleep "their last long earthly sleep."

Nevertheless, He lived with ordinary men; paid taxes like others; was tempted as were others; was misjudged by His enemies, as other

NOW the birth, life and death of Jesus were all very wonderful; but the opening of the tomb on the third morning, and that from within; the grave clothes laid aside, and the mysterious exit in the presence of the doubled Roman guard—these all speak not of man, but of God; of the One who in this one act demonstrated for all time that He was superior to graves and grave-clothes, seals and guards; and, in other words, proved that He was verily God.

Here was the final test, but Jesus triumphed!

We rightly speak of the love and pity, the tenderness and meekness of Jesus.

We dwell upon His love for the outcast and the lost.

We weep with Him in the loneli-

darkness for three hours at noon-day; by the sound of earthquakes and the world shaken on its foundations.

But to a world weltering in human blood; to many who risk losing their way in the mazes of mod-

(Continued on page 12)



Commissioner E. Orames

» NOW IN HEAVEN, EXALTED HIGH « AN EASTER ANTHEM

Andante M. ♩ = 69

Words and music by P. P. BLISS

Key C

1. 'Man of Sor - rows' what a name For the Son of God, who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con - demnd He stood,
3. Guil - ty, vile, and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He.
4. 'Lift - ed up' was He to die; 'It is fin - ished' was His cry;

Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
Seal'd my par - don with His Blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
'Full A - tone - ment'— can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
Now in Heav'n, ex - al - ted high: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!

THROUGHOUT the long centuries man has made coffins of stone and bronze and other enduring materials for the reception and preservation of mortal remains. In burial places the last resting-place of many is marked by ornate marble crosses, or perhaps something far simpler; as Thomas Gray wrote in his Elegy:

"Where heaves the turf in many
a mould'ring heap;
Each in his narrow cell for ever
laid
The rude forefathers of the
hamlet sleep."

Europe to-day is one great battle-field, and at the same time one vast cemetery; the two go together.

In cemeteries the world over, frequently is found on headstones the brief inscription, "Here lies..." but when the women sought Jesus at the tomb where He had been buried, the angel simply said, "He is not here. He is risen."

Mary, weeping at the door of the tomb, cried out, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," probably thinking, quite naturally, that His friends had found another burial place for His body.

Jesus came to this earth in the form of man, and up to the time He commenced His ministry, so far as



Preserving Priceless Art Treasures

An Informative Insight into the Manufacture of Stained Glass Windows

these notable windows involve. Needless to say, the men who have been engaged in erecting or replacing the windows are often in a class by themselves, their labors requiring great skill and deep concentration.

In the making of a window its mechanical limitations and construction must be considered first, together with its size and shape, these having already been decided by the architect to conform with the size of the building. The permanence of the window rests entirely in the designer's ability to incorporate strength with delicate line and form.

Next it is necessary to make a design of the window to scale. The style is an important factor. A Georgian window would look out of place in a Gothic building, or vice versa. Exposure also must be considered, for if a window faces east, its colors must be richer than one which faces north; for a window facing east receives the full strength of the sun's rays, while in the north there is always a quiet monotone of light.

After a satisfactory design has been completed, it is drawn to actual size where the metal construction is indicated, including the ornamental part of the design. This is done in charcoal for ease of expression, and must be carefully drawn by a highly-skilled artist, since painters must reproduce on the small pieces of glass that which is drawn.

Cutting the patterns and the glass is a delicate operation. This is done by first laying a sheet of heavy paper on the work-bench, superimposing carbon paper, and then placing the full-size design directly over them. An agate is run along the lines that are to be the "cut" lines and break the window into its respective fragments of glass. The cut-line tracing found on the paper beneath is then cut into shapes indicated with double-edged scissors which removes the space for the

heart of the lead at the same time that they cut out the various patterns. The shapes are then laid on the cutter's plate-glass easel. A color design is kept close by as a guide for selecting the various tones of colored glass, the edges of which are carefully trimmed with a file, since the pieces may be handled many times before being placed between the leads.

The painter next works on the panels of glass, delicately tracing the design as shown in the master-drawing. Such an artist is thoroughly trained for his work and must, of course, be extremely skilled. The pigment applied to faces and hands in the designs is prepared from metallic oxides and capable of withstanding firing in the kiln, without alteration, and fusing the glass permanently.

The glazier then fits the finished pieces of glass with lead comes; each joint must be carefully soldered and the operation done on both sides of the window. A slow-drying cement is scrubbed into all joints to ensure a water-tight job, and strengthening bars are brought into position to prevent the glass from bulging.

A window properly constructed and made in accordance with the best methods of the craft should last indefinitely, but it should be understood that the foregoing description gives only an outline of a process which is absorbingly interesting but also highly complicated.

handiwork may gather at least a hundred varieties of flowers, ferns and mosses.

The floral colors of the north are largely pink, blue and magenta, with a generous touch of the yellow of the arnica, shrubby cinquefoil, marsh marigold, yellow pond lily, Arctic poppy, mustard, golden corydalis, yellow violets, vetch, Drummond's dryas, loco weed, stonecrop, ragwort, hawkweed, monkey flower, and many other blossoms whose common names are familiar to all, as, for instance, the eastern buttercup and dandelion, seeds of both the latter probably brought in with bales of hay.

In all my rambles throughout the Territory I have never found a genuinely scarlet flower—I do not state positively that such do not exist, only I have never seen one. The Indian paint brush, that on the prairies ranges in color from a brick red to a beautiful cherry, in the Yukon is either a sickly lemon or homely magenta, while the columbine is generally blue and lemon, though one summer I found a sport of purest white.

Acres of ground may be seen covered with the purply blue lupine, the wild Arctic poppy, the dainty mountain forget-me-not, the shrinking pinguicula (frequently mistakenly called mountain violet), the showy bluebells and the Jacob's ladder.

An almost infinite number of vetches intrigues the eye, from the golden rock vetch to the wonderfully brilliant magenta vine that is such a vivid spot of coloring along the banks of the Yukon during June, July and August.

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PRIOR to and during the turmoil and destruction caused by years of war in Britain and other countries, thousands of priceless art treasures were removed to places of safety, and these included beautiful stained glass windows adorning public edifices and cathedrals. Many of these are awaiting the day of replacement, and marvels have been wrought by experts who have been, and still are, patiently piecing together windows, or portions of windows, which

were smashed almost to smithereens.

Few readers have not at some time or other admired light-pierced, stained-glass windows, many of which represent famous paintings such as "The Light of the World" and "The Good Shepherd," and it may not be amiss to furnish some particulars of the work which

Fragrant Flowers of the Yukon

The Yukon Territory, so much in the news of recent months, is not as popularly supposed a land of perpetual winter, and the accompanying article will help to dispel many erroneous notions of dwellers in other parts of this vast North American Continent. As the writer says: "To tell the story of the Yukon flora would be to paint a picture that would tax the belief of those who have not seen it."

of the pasque flower, often found thrusting her furry-covered nose through snow and ice, the flowers ranging in color from deepest purple through mauves and pinks, with an occasional "sport" of purest white.

The season may be a so-called "early one," it may be late, yet for over twelve years on each twenty-fourth of May I have gathered great quantities of blue violets just across the Yukon from Dawson. Did you ever know they make a most delectable salad?

Of the anemones there are numerous varieties, beginning with the pasque flower (locally called northern crocus) to the tiny yellow water crowfoot common in our sluggish streams.

The brilliant cerise shooting stars, saucy Dutchman's breeches, the wild bleeding heart (a tiny prototype of the cultivated variety we

all knew in our grandmother's gardens)—all these and many more are upon us in a bewildering array as soon as summer sets in with almost twenty-four hours of continuous sunlight.

The pyrolas, or shin plants, are wonderful in their waxy beauty, the single star-shaped blossom alone giving forth an almost intoxicating fragrance.

The tiny twin flower of Linnaea, the favorite of Linnaeus, the father of Botany, carpets our woods and perfumes the air. Difficult, indeed, were it to name the myriads of flowers that grow and blossom at our very door. In June, within twenty minutes' walk of the heart of the little town of Dawson, even a careless observer of Nature's



YOUR Yukon winters may seem long, and sixty degrees below zero sounds cold to an outsider, but when I recall the wind-swept cities of Chicago and Toronto, with an occasional thermometer hovering below twenty, and of old London with its cold humidity during November, December and January, I shudder at the memories and prefer our winter of brilliant northern lights and crisp snow-covered ground.

During the summer season snow and ice are forgotten, while those who live in the illimitable spaces tramp the hills and with lengthening days gather a store of floral beauty and love.

In late February the first pussy willow buds are found in sunny, sheltered spots, filling the air with that pungent odor of early spring. From the beginning of March we are alert to discover the first sign

◆ BY MRS. GEORGE BLACK, F.R.G.S. ◆

He Saw His Mother's Face

Restrained from Committing a Desperate Deed, a Wanderer in the Rockies Finds a Counsellor in a Kindly Salvation Army Officer

THE wind swept boisterously through a narrow gorge in a pine-clad section of the Rocky Mountains, and spent its whirling force on the straggling settlement lying in a kind of hollow far below. Every once in a while strains of music from some musical instruments, and bursts of singing, would be heard by dwellers in scattered huts on the mountain side. The sounds faded away to silence, but would suddenly revive in an odd fashion, as the wind, now wild, now gentle, rose and subsided.

It was The Salvation Army marching through the uneven streets, and the small group of men and women were glad enough to find shelter in the cosy interior of their unpretentious Hall after their exposure to the stormy blast. They occupied their seats and a rousing, heart-warming meeting was soon under way.

Stumbled Through the Streets

While the meeting proceeded, the figure of a man stumbled through the now dark streets. His face was drawn and haggard, and although he appeared to be scarcely much more than a young man, he was walking with a peculiar, tottering gait. Watching his shivering pro-

gress, one would have thought he was cold. But he was not cold. His twitching limbs were the result of something far worse than the chilling breeze.

At length the poor creature stood under the lamp which lighted the entrance to the Hall, hesitated a few minutes and then somewhat timidly entered. He quietly occupied a back seat and remained there, as if in a stupor, until the meeting finished. The Officer in charge, a discerning and kindly leader, was quick to step forward and intercept the man before he could reach the door to go out. He shook hands with the wretched being and gently beckoned him back to a seat, to ascertain if possible whether he needed some assistance.

The Stranger's Story

The warm comfort of the Hall and the evident interest shown in him softened the stranger's heart, and with moist eyes he related his story: "My parents are well known residents of a large city in the West," he began, "and my father was a prosperous contractor. I was brought up in comfortable circumstances, my mother being a good Christian woman and a staunch member of the local church. She had rather old-fashioned notions of religion and was, above all things, a great believer in prayer. She taught me as a child how to pray.

"My father was not much of a church-goer. He was absorbed almost entirely in business affairs, and what time he had to spare he spent at his lodges and clubs. Beyond providing for me a good college education, he paid little or no attention to my affairs, leaving my moral education in the hands of my mother.

"Then the world with its alluring attractions opened before my hungry eyes. I disregarded the advice and pleadings of my mother, and not having the close companionship of my father to lend a firm guiding hand and restrain me, I soon linked up with a set of wild young



... Just then a strange and remarkable thing happened. I saw a beautiful and familiar face

fellows who dared me to sever myself from my mother's apron-strings and see life as it appealed to them. I was young and foolish, and so I went.

"In a very short while I found myself being swept along the river of pleasure, down the rapids of debauchery and heading for the whirlpool of ruin. My so-called friends introduced me to gambling with cards, strong liquor, and what was even worse, the narcotic habit. Many a night I came, or was carried, home the worse for all of these.

"My mother's anguish was terrible and my father's anger knew no bounds; my sisters, who were very kind to me, did their best to persuade me to turn from my evil habits. I would have done so several times, but the Evil One had me in his grip. On one occasion I was sent to a private hospital, where I was given several weeks' treatment and afterwards discharged as cured. But I was not, and I knew it.

No Power to Refuse

"On my return home I visited the local pool-room and met an old acquaintance. We conversed for some while and I told him where I had been. He at once produced a phial containing small tablets. 'Here, take a shot of this; it will put you on your feet in no time,' he said persuasively. I did not have the power to refuse. The old terrible craving surged up in an instant and from that time on, I became a confirmed dope fiend, a wreck physically, mentally and morally. I left home in search of drugs and gained such a notoriety that I am known to the police from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Coast.

"Yesterday, I landed in this town and last night visited a gambling joint in the lower class district in the hope of securing 'dope.' Some men were playing a game of poker

and I took a hand. One of the players was a foreign-born laborer who, as I imagined, served me a tricky deal. I was under the influence of liquor and drugs at the time, and ready for any suggestion the devil cared to put into my head. I decided to make trouble.

"Sweeping the cards from the table with one hand, I leaned over and seized the throat of the man with the other, and in a desperate, frenzied effort attempted to choke him. The fires of hell inflamed my soul and my grip tightened more and more till my companions were alarmed beyond measure.

"Possessed for the moment with superhuman strength I shook my victim, his dark skin turning ashy-grey in the process. His eyes bulged out. I cared not what I did.

"But just then a strange and remarkable thing happened. I saw a beautiful and familiar face rise up before me. It was my mother's—and she wore a gentle, reproachful look.

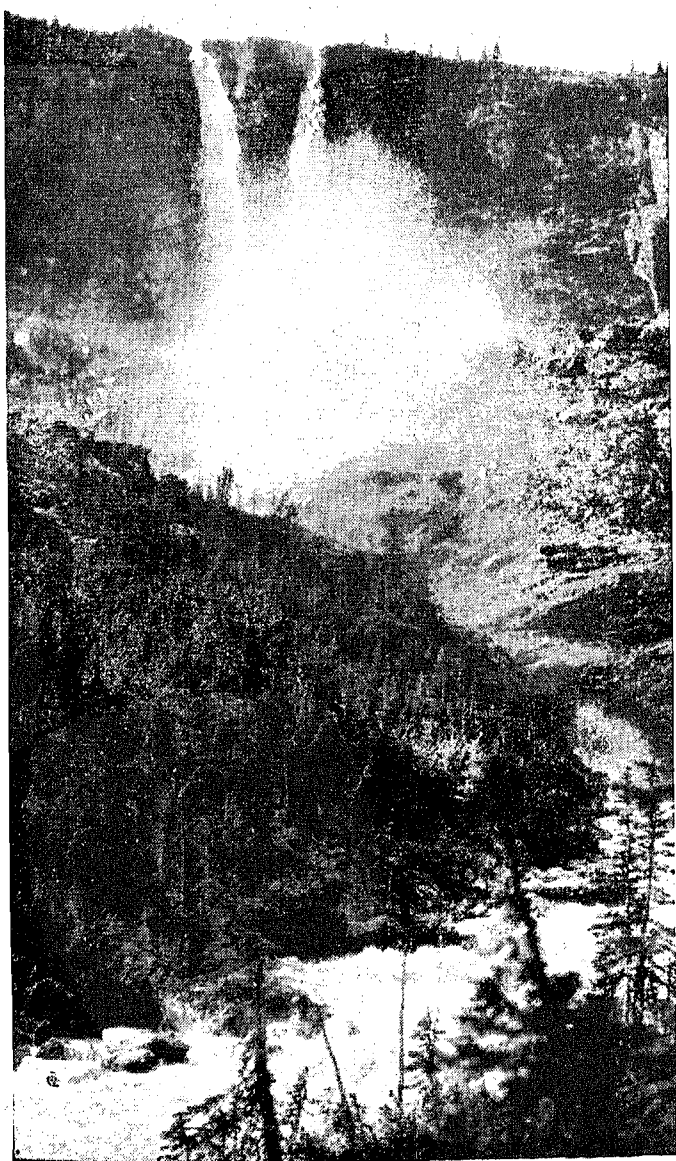
"It was enough. My fingers loosened on the fellow's throat, and like a man in a dream, I allowed myself to be dragged off by my companions, while the unfortunate wretch, whom I had nearly strangled, fought for his breath. The chief of police got wind of the affair, but not wishing to have me around, gave me twelve hours to get out of town."

Told of the Only Cure

As the remorse-smitten man spoke great tears welled up in his eyes. He knelt at a chair to pray and sobbed again and again until quite a small pool of water lay on the seat. The Salvationist dealt with him and told him of the only cure, and prayer was made that the blood of Christ would avail in this desperate case.

A kindly physician's aid was sought, steaming hot coffee was

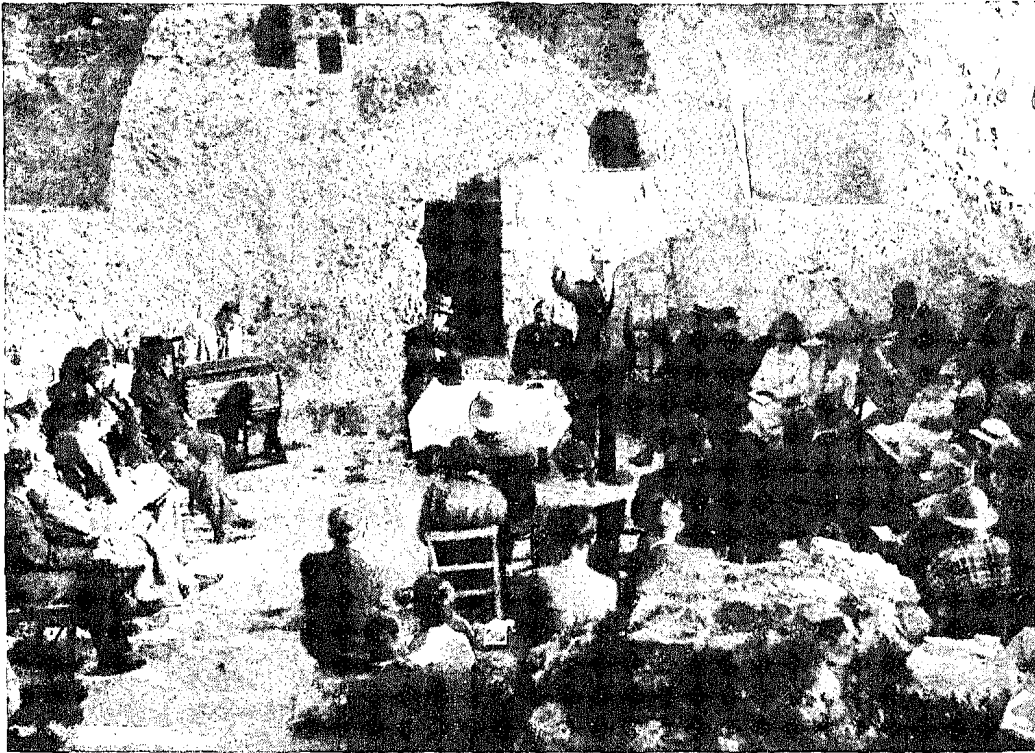
(Continued on page 14)



CRAIG AND TORRENT

A typical bit of wild but beautiful scenery in the majestic Canadian Rockies, near Yoho Valley, B.C.

By GLADSTONE FARADAY



Jerusalem's Holy Places

What History Has To Say
Concerning Jerusalem's
Sites Associated With the
First Easter ☪ ☪ ☪

A typical Easter
morning service
in progress at
one of the his-
toric sites in
the Holy City

THE discovery not long ago of an ancient inscription in St. Mark's Church, Jerusalem, which claims to have been the scene of the Last Supper, calls attention to Jerusalem's holy places. The church stands within the Syrian Convent, close to the Armenian Cathedral, within the present city walls. The Syrians have always claimed that their church stands on the site of the house of the mother of John Mark, to which Peter came after his imprisonment as referred to in Acts. It has long been the belief of Bible students that it was in the house of John Mark's mother that Jesus ate that solemn, final meal with the twelve.

The inscription was found under a heavy coating of plaster during repairs to the church. It is in ancient Syrian characters and is dated as early as the year 73 A.D., within about forty years of the death of Jesus. It is cut in the stonework of the building and records how the site marks the house of the mother of John Mark, how the early Christians erected a church here, the mother of all churches, and how it was rebuilt in the year 73, after the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70.

But there is another site which also claims to have been the scene of the Last Supper, a spacious chamber on the first floor of a large building just outside the present city walls close to Zion Gate. They both cannot be correct. That is the problem of the holy places. You are presented with a choice of more than one site. On the lower slopes of Olivet you have three Gardens of Gethsemane. The historic Church of the Holy Sepulchre, standing within the present city walls, has, since the days of Queen Helena, claimed to mark the site of the Crucifixion and burial of our Lord. But outside the walls we have Gordon's Calvary and the Garden Tomb which many favor as the true sites.

As a result, many visitors are inclined to get confused and many turn away in disgust. This is a pity, for a study of the history of the sites cannot fail to be of interest. Their very existence is proof of man's desire to learn the truth. Many of the cities were located in the very early centuries by overzealous pilgrims lacking in historical and geographical knowledge. Unfortunately, many of the mistakes they made have persisted to this day.

You can only judge the merits of the respective claims by noting their history. Previous to the discovery of the inscription at St. Mark's Church, the historian had

been unable to trace the history of the site back beyond the Fourth Century, whereas its rival had a history going back to the Second Century. Some day, perhaps, we may learn upon what evidence the inscription came to be written, and

Helena's building, were discovered.

Scholars have every reason to believe that it was in this very place that Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. The garden is the property of

By

HAROLD H. SHEPSTONE,

F.R.G.S.

until then it is best to maintain an open mind.

We all know the story of those last fateful days of the Saviour, how He went out at night from the supper to the Garden of Gethsemane, on the lower slopes of the Mount of Olives. The traditional garden here was located early in the Fourth Century by Queen Helena. She erected a church on the site, which in the intervening centuries was entirely lost sight of. In digging the foundations of the present church, one of the newest and most beautiful buildings in Palestine, rightly famed for its lovely mosaics, the remains of Queen

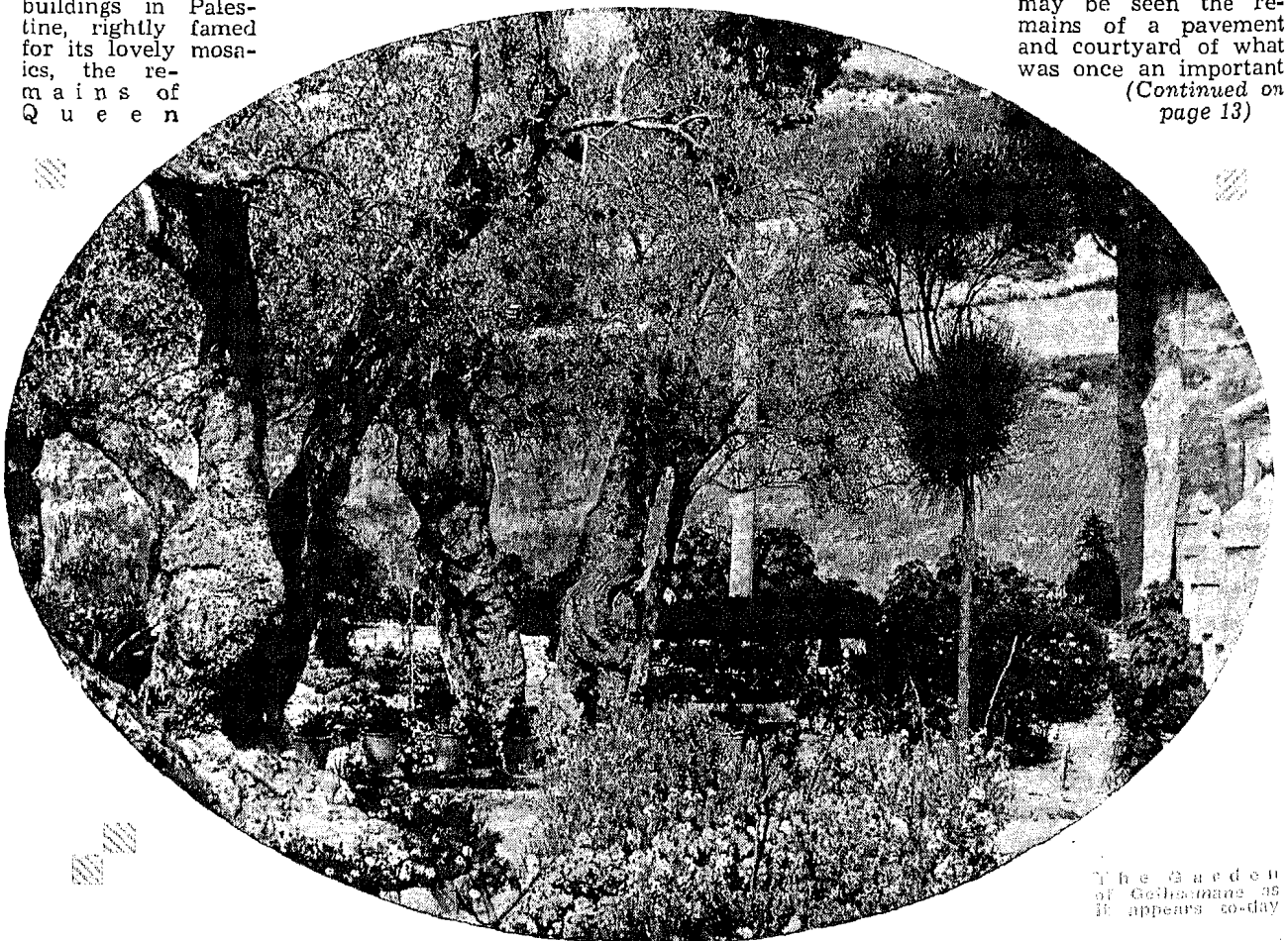
the Franciscans. With its well-kept flower beds and venerable olive trees, it is a quiet, peaceful spot. The oldest of the trees is said to date back to the time of Christ. This is pure tradition, though records show it to be at least 900 years old. Adjoining the garden is another plot belonging to the Greeks with its Russian Church, also called Gethsemane, and which might well have formed part of the original garden.

From Gethsemane, Christ was brought before Caiaphas, the high

priest. On Mount Zion we have the traditional house of Caiaphas. Whether he ever resided here, one cannot say. The tradition that his house stood here goes back to the Fourth Century. But a stone's throw away we have the Church of St. Pierre en Gallicante (Peter at the Cock-Crowing), only completed some fifteen years ago. This is accepted by many scholars as marking the site of the palace of Caiaphas, where Jesus was judged by the high priest on the eve of Good Friday. Caiaphas is said to have had his own private residence as well as an official building.

The property on which the church stands belongs to the Assumptionists, and in clearing the site they found the remains of a street dating back to the time of Christ, as well as a complete set of Hebrew weights and measures. It is thought these latter were used in connection with the tithing system of the temple. The present church, a beautiful structure in the Byzantine style, marks the site of an earlier building erected here about the Fourth Century and known as the Church of St. Peter. Below the crypt one can see the old dungeons which are supposed to have been the prison house of Caiaphas.

The story now moves to the Praetorium and Pilate. Scholars are not agreed as to the exact site of the Praetorium. Latterly, opinion has favored the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, on the Via Dolorosa, as marking the place. In the crypt may be seen the remains of a pavement and courtyard of what was once an important (Continued on page 13)



The Garden of Gethsemane as it appears to-day



"KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS"—PETER L. BAKER

All hail the power of Jesus' Name; Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem And crown Him Lord of all.

THE SECRET OF A RELIGION OF POWER

An Easter Message From The Army's International Leader

THE world to-day, I am told many times, is demanding a religion "with a punch in it." When I ask just what that might mean, it is explained that unless we can offer something that is "vital," "dynamic" and "thrilling," the men and women of to-day will have no time for us. That kind of argument makes me wonder who can compete in the offering of "vital," "dynamic" and even "thrilling" things with Christian people, one of whose pioneer spokesmen cried:

"Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a Man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by Him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know: Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and fore-knowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain: whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it."

Anyone would think, judging by many comments on the Christian religion, that there had never been a Resurrection, and never a Pentecost, never a breaking forth from the grave, never a complete defeat of the powers of evil, never a giving to the world of the Holy Spirit which in every generation since has guided, redeemed, illumined, comforted, and supported men and women, leading them through peril and persecution, enmity and grief, with songs of triumph on their lips till they came to the Celestial City. Religion "with a punch in it?" There has never been a spark of real Christianity without a "punch" in it.

Admitted, of course, that in place of life there has come death, that joy has been quenched, that the dynamic has become dull routine; yes, a thousand times over in the Christian faith. That is the work of the devil whose business it is always to quench the fires of faith and turn the marching soldier into a slumbering sluggard. Judged by much in Christian history he has been often eminently successful. But never for long! The power of God cannot be dissipated, nor permanently dammed up, any more than the sunshine can be wasted or turned away from the

earth; always there is a breaking through—a reawakening—a return of the Power operating on the hearts of men.

Give it half a chance, this undying vitality, coming down upon men from the Throne of God, and it is at work again! And will be until all things are subject to our Lord and Saviour, and the nations that are saved shall walk in the light of the glory of God.

The cry for a religion "with a punch" is, of course, quite legitimate. Who wants anything else? I am sure nothing less would have turned my life right about face, many years ago in Australia; and nothing else would have satisfied me all along the way. If our religion is nothing more than assembling in streets and buildings, hearing and making music, being talked to once a week, being prohibited from doing certain things we would like to do—why not have all of that without Christ? This you certainly could have—from clubs and associations, the membership of which is far less likely to make you unpopular with your neighbors than being a thorough-going follower of Christ.

What the demand for the dynamic in religion really indicates is a recognition of its possibility, and an impatience with anything but the real thing. I would, I think, rather have a generation of honest, defiant pagans, demanding that of me, than one of pious formalists, asking nothing but to be left alone as they follow a certain round of religious observances. For their's would be the complacency of death.

This age steeped in shed blood wants life! These young men and women, far too familiar in their youth with violence, agony, and destruction, want nothing less than reality. In that we are indeed near to the Kingdom, for our Lord asked nothing but the desire for true life, and a willingness to pay the price for it.

A few weeks ago a British newspaper sent

a representative to a Salvation Army meeting to hear three men and three women from different walks of everyday life, give their witness:

"I found," he wrote, "no sackcloth and ashes at the Citadel, but a breeze and a gaiety and assurance of direction which the bewildered world I had left outside—as it seemed to me—had never possessed. These Salvation Army Soldiers had something which many war and world-weary souls would give all to possess. This Army is not an organization where a fee makes one a member. You cannot join; you cannot resign; you are either in or out by the quality of the life you live. And so out into the street again, leaving this happy company still singing! Religion with A PURPOSE AND A PUNCH."

There is the word again tacked on to a shrewd summing up of real Salvation Army life, such as I have not read for a long time. How true that we are either "in" or "out" by the quality of the life we live, no matter by what titles we are known or what kind of uniform we wear!

I am afraid some who think that they are "in" are in actual fact very much "out," and many others, though outwardly "out" are inwardly "in"; and they are filled with joy when we claim them, though they will never don the red jersey or the blue bonnet. But they know the secret of the "punch!" Power, God's power, has moved the load of sin from their hearts, and daily lifts them clear of all the obstacles along their way.

This emphasis on power in religion is backed up by fundamental belief. The resurrection of Christ is the most important aspect of the Gospel.

"If Christ be not risen"—says Paul to the Corinthians, "then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. (Continued on page 12)



General C. L. Carpenter

WHEN Jesus of Nazareth was condemned to death those who accused Him expected to remove from the political picture a Man who, by His presence and teachings, was upsetting the little world around about Jerusalem.

But when His enemies made the mistake of nailing Him to a Cross a new order came into being that was to set the world on fire for God until the end of time. For that Cross on which the Prince of Glory was put to death became the symbol of the world's salvation.

Wherever this Jesus has become known He is worshipped as the King of kings and Lord of lords. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," is true.

To make this Easter story a bit different, I want some of my friends who have been redeemed from the depths of sin to stand with me as proof of this declaration. I think that it is the best kind of preaching to present living witnesses to substantiate our simple statements of belief, don't you? It is important, too, that these witnesses be selected from among the number of those who sorely needed to repent—those of whom the Lord Himself said, "Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

Last fall I met a man in a meeting-place for men of the outcast type. In conversation I asked if he understood the significance of the blood-red cross that hung above the platform for the motley audience assembled there nightly to look upon.

The man had been drinking, and he replied, with a grin, "Sure, I put it up there."

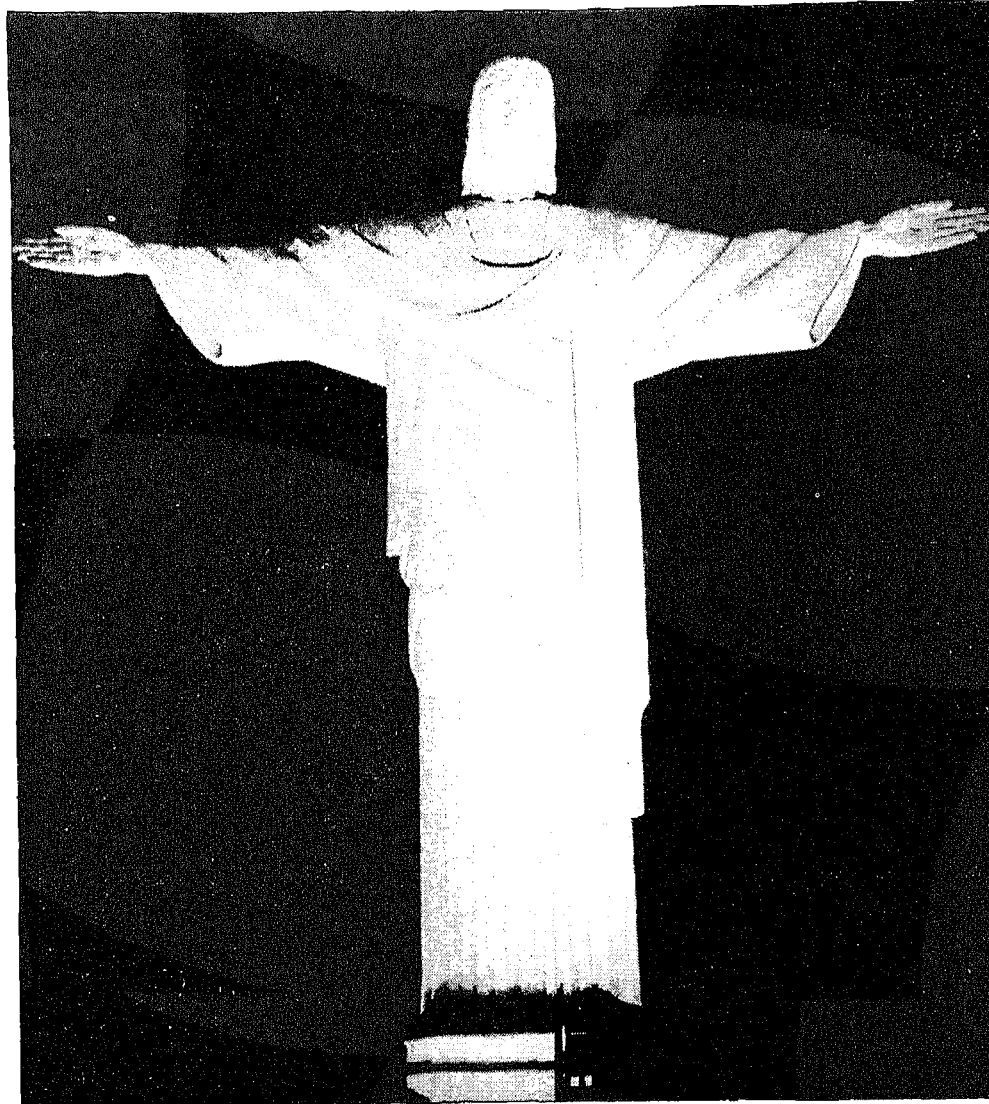
When I pressed him for an explanation, he said, "For a while I didn't drink so much and I saved some money. So, one night I thought that a cross would look nice up there, and I spent the money on it that I hadn't spent for booze."

Nearer Than He Knew

I was skeptical until others confirmed the story, and then I felt that the Master Himself was dealing with this man, and it was no time for me to move in. Almost tearfully I told him that his salvation was nearer than he knew. He just grinned.

"Sit out there in the crowd, man," I pleaded, "and watch your cross. Don't mind what the speaker is saying. Just watch your cross up there, and one night you'll see the Saviour hanging on it—in agony for you. I'm sure that the cross you bought with money you didn't spend for liquor is going to mean your own salvation. Watch your cross, Bill, until you see Christ dying there for your sins. Then ask Him to come to your help. I'll be praying for you every day, Bill, until He comes."

I have before me, as a greeting on my eighty-second birthday, a letter in which Bill tells me he has found his Saviour at the Penitent-Farm over which his cross—paid for with money the saloons didn't get—sheds a warming halo, as of Heaven's joy over his coming.



"Behold My hands"

[Floodlit Sculpture Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts]

"If I Be Lifted Up"

A STATEMENT FOR POST-EASTER REFLECTION

By Henry F. Milans, O.F.

"And I, if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto Me."

I am familiar with the life story of a notorious burglar who went to New York City after spending thirteen years in a state penitentiary. This man, Jim Clarke, wanted money, of course, and the only way he knew how to get any was to steal

the entrance of a Gospel mission. Something, he told me, drew him into that place, and before he left it again he had given his heart to the Saviour, of whose death the cross at the door was a potent symbol. And, before he died, Jim Clarke turned many of his former pals to Christ.

Jesus knew what His death on Calvary would do for us. He would not have died in vain. Wherever the story of the Cross has gone—in civilization or in jungle wastes—sinners fall before it in adoration of the Son of God who brought redemption for the whosoever.

Jerry McAuley, another notorious New York burglar, who later became one of the most beloved slum evangelists in the history of that city, carried a small crucifix in his coat pocket. It represented the most effective appeal that he could make to bring the worst characters to their knees in repentance, he told me. To know Jerry McAuley and his work for Jesus was to love him. And this New York City did. McAuley had looked at the Crucified One and he became like Him to the people of his famous slum parish.

When he died, McAuley went to Heaven clutching in his hand the cross that led to the transformation of his own and of hundreds of other utterly vile and degraded lives.

A year after my own conversion Satan had the stage all set for a fall that would have meant my complete

undoing. At the moment when I felt I could resist no longer a great cross atop a nearby church spire burst into view. It was a call to worship, and on my knees before God in that quiet sanctuary I thanked my Saviour for flashing to me the signal of His power to save.

That was by far the most cruel attack the devil has ever made upon my soul, and but for that look at the cross of my Crucified Lord, he would have won.

Loonie Leonard, so called because of the peculiarities of his drunken life, chummed with me in New York's slums because I was different from the other bums around us. We who knew Leonard wondered why he so carefully secreted a cross that wasn't worth stealing because it was of pure brass. One day, as we sat in the warm sun on the string-piece of an East River pier, Loonie and I began to sum up what we had lost through our wretched habits. I recalled my profession, my home, my devoted wife and a saintly mother.

After quite a lengthy silence, Leonard drew from a hiding-place somewhere in his ragged clothes the cross that we know he treasured so highly.

"This and the memory of the one who gave it to me are all that now stand between Loonie Leonard and hell," said my queer companion, as his eyes filled with tears.

"She was the one being I loved with all my heart," he continued. "(I never knew my mother.) When she could no longer live with me because of my drunkenness she went away one day, but she left this symbol of her faith for me to find."

As he touched a spring, the cross opened, revealing on one side the words: "Though your sins be as scarlet He will forgive," and on the other: "The vilest sinner may return."

"She died," sobbed the queer man beside me, "and my heart died with her. She is what I lost, and she was everything."

I never knew how or when Loonie Leonard died, but if I know my Saviour I'm sure He gathered to Himself, as He did me, one of the vilest of sinners—for the cross was his dearest possession, and the link that connected him with Heaven. For she was up there waiting, and I believe Loonie knew it.

The Power of Testimony

It is only by our testimony that we who know the saving power of the Cross of Christ can make it known to those who, through indifference, have lost its meaning and its potency.

This isn't the usual format for an Easter sermon, I know. It is just a simple statement of fact for post-Easter reflection on the power of the Cross of Christ in the lives of men.

Editorial Note: The writer of the foregoing article, one of The Army's outstanding trophies of Grace, was formerly Editor of the New York Sun. He became a liquor and drug addict, but was marvelously redeemed in a Drunkards' Campaign. He was invested with the Order of the Founder by General Carpenter during a visit to this continent in 1942.

Come Unto Him

SO long ago He walked the earth
To heal, to strengthen, and to bless
Each soul that sought for Him in need,
Each heart that, burdened with distress,
Came unto Him.

And still to-day the living Christ
Walks always with the sons of men;
He offers healing, pardon, strength
To those whose hearts will yet again
Come unto Him.

Lucile Shanklin Hull.

it. Walking west on Forty-second Street in search of a hideout for men of his trade, Jim's gaze was arrested by a glowing red cross before

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"

Matthew 11:28.

"THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE"

The Story of a Great Hymn and Its Connection
With the Land of the Maple

WE have often heard or sung the widely-known solo, "There Were Ninety and Nine," and perhaps are among those who have been led to the Saviour through it; but how many are acquainted with the circumstances under which the song was written? It is not generally known that it has a very sad association with a tombstone, which may be found in the graveyard of St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, Ont., where stands a simple stone bearing this inscription:

In Memory of
GEORGE
Oldest Son of
ANDREW CLEPHANE, ESQ.
Late Sheriff of
Fifeshire, Scotland,
OB 2 May, 1851
AE 32

George Clephane, having failed to make good in his native Scottish town, decided to go to Canada where so many of his fellow countrymen had succeeded. He was known as a "remittance man." This meant that he was without means, and depended on a monthly allowance from home, until such time as he could support himself. But he had a liking for alcohol, and quite possibly this accounted for his lack of success in the homeland. He soon fell in with evil companions, with the result that his monthly allowance from Scotland was spent in riotous living. One night he was so intoxicated that he could not walk home, and fell down in the road. There he remained in the cold air until he was picked up by the roadside next morning. He was carried into the home of Dr. Mutch, but that night's drunken carousal proved fatal, for he contracted a disease from which he never recovered. He

more keenly and deeply than his youngest sister, a true Christian girl of twenty-one. She went up to her room, closed the door, and sobbed bitterly. As she became calmer she took up a sheet of paper. She loved her prodigal brother and she felt that God must do so, too. She had faith that her Redeemer had answered her prayers. Perhaps in his dying hours her brother had looked, with the eye of faith, at the Cross and found pardon and peace. Slowly her fingers closed around her pen and she began to trace on the paper the deep, innermost thoughts of her soul. These were the first lines she wrote:

*"There were ninety and nine
that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills
away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild
and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care."*

She was half ashamed of her poem when finished, and locked it away in her desk so that none other eye should see it. The writing of it had relieved her feelings and she felt more resigned and peaceful.

The years passed on. Elizabeth Clephane died; but the grave in Canada and the song in Scotland were yet to produce by the power of operation and of the Holy Spirit a golden harvest of precious souls. When her loved ones went through her desk they discovered the poem, and were so impressed with it that they sent it to a Scottish editor who thought it worthy of publication.

One afternoon in 1874 two gentlemen stood on the station platform in Glasgow. They were Moody and Sankey, who were to open a big evangelistic campaign in Edinburgh that night. Just before boarding the train Sankey bought a weekly newspaper for a penny. He hoped to find some American news in it, but the only thing to remind him of his native land was a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher.

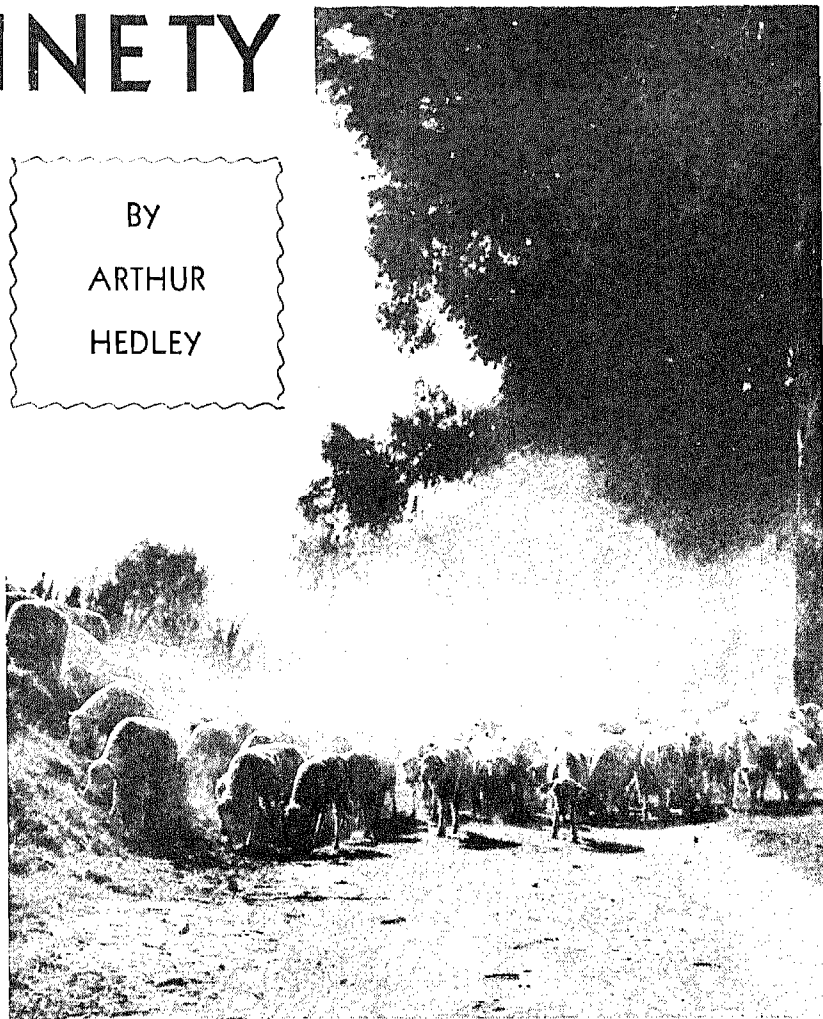
He cast the paper aside, but shortly before arriving in Edinburgh he picked it up again to peruse the advertisements. This time he caught sight of a piece of poetry in a corner of the paper, and reading it carefully concluded it would make a splendid evangelistic song. He called Mr. Moody's attention to it, but he was

so absorbed in his correspondence that he took no notice. Mr. Sankey cut the poem out and placed it in his music scrapbook for future reference.

Note-by-Note Guidance

At the noonday service in the Free Assembly Hall both Mr. Moody and Dr. Bonar spoke on the subject of "The Good Shepherd." After the latter speaker had thrilled the immense audience with his earnest and eloquent message, Mr. Moody turned to his colleague and said, "Have you a solo appropriate for this subject with which to close the service?" Sankey was greatly troubled because he could think of nothing suitable. Then a Voice said, "Sing the hymn you found on the train."

BY
ARTHUR
HEDLEY



But this was impossible, for he had no tune for it. The impression came strongly on him that he must sing it and that God would provide the music. Placing the little newspaper slip before him he lifted his heart to God for inspiration. He struck a chord in A flat and began to sing. Note by note was given to the singer, and when he had finished a great sigh seemed to go up from the meeting. Mr. Moody left the pulpit and looking at the cutting said, "Sankey, where did you get that hymn? I never heard the like of it in my life."

Sankey, who was in tears, replied, "Mr. Moody, that's the hymn I read to you in the train, but you did not hear." Then Mr. Moody raised his hand, pronounced the benediction, and the meeting closed. Thus Moody's great work in Scotland had begun. Only God saw the hidden link between that far-off grave in Fergus, and that harvest of souls in Scotland. Perhaps one of the joys of Heaven will be to have revealed to us the amazing results which followed some inspired word and writing which to us seemed of little consequence.



He lifted his heart to God for inspiration

died in the home of the good doctor and was buried in the village churchyard.

With the burial of George Clephane it seemed to be the end of a life ruined by sin. The few who gathered around the grave little realized that God was going to overrule evil for good, and use that sad, untimely death for His glory. From this tragedy something was to come which would lead to the conversion of thousands of men and women.

Innermost Thoughts of Her Soul

When the news of his death reached his Scottish home, the whole family felt the shame and tragedy of the circumstances connected with his entrance into another world. None felt his death

THRICE-BLESSED

A Legend of the Holy Grail

THESE are many legends concerning persons having given or having withheld aid to the needy and then suddenly learning that the applicant was Christ. One of the most beautiful of these legends is told in Yowell's Vision of Sir Launfal. The Grail was the cup out of which the wine was drunk at the Last Supper, brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea, so the legend runs, and carefully guarded by holy knights, but lost because of the unholy thoughts of one of its keepers. Sir Launfal sets out to find it.

At the beginning of his search he meets a leper and, shocked by his loathsomeness, he scornfully hurls him a gold piece and hastens onward. Years pass. In his old age, unsuccessful in his quest, he returns to his castle and there at his own gate he hears a beggar's cry. Looking down he sees "the gruesome thing," the leper. He does not turn from him in loathing now. Instead he says:

I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffet
and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in His hands and feet and
side:
Mild Mary's Son acknowledge me;

Behold, through him, I give to Thee.

And then Sir Launfal recalls "in what a haughtier guise he had flung an alms" to a leper as he started forth on his long search. His moldy crust of bread and water from the nearby stream he shares with the leper.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate—
Himself the Gate whereby man can
Enter the Temple of God in man.

And these are the words that greeted him:

In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This crust is My body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the
tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me.



Journeying with Jesus

Mighty Results Have Sprung from
Companionship with the Risen Christ

By
The
Chief
Secretary

Colonel
G. W.
Peacock

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most fascinating chapters in the Easter Story is that of the "Walk to Emmaus." Luke gives an interesting account of this historic incident. We are

told that two disciples that same day went to a village called Emmaus, which, so far as we can judge, was about seven miles distant. The Apostle also identifies one of these disciples whose name was Cleopas, but the other name must be left to conjecture. Not much is said about these men, but does it not indicate that it matters little who we are but what we are? The unnamed disciple figures along with Cleopas in what was really one of the most outstanding journeys in all history.

There is no story contained in the Bible of a similar character, unless it be the record of Enoch's walk with God. Enoch's was a lifetime experience, while the thrilling experience of these two disciples was of but short duration, a day's journey. They figured in this historical event because they were journeying the same way as Jesus.

What a privilege it is to walk with God! The late Commissioner Kitching wrote:

"How wonderful it is to walk with God
Along the road that holy men have trod!
How wonderful it is to hear Him say:
'Fear not, have faith, 'tis I who lead the way!'"

The disciples had just passed through the darkest and most harrowing experience of their lives. It is suggested that Cleopas and his companion may have been on their way home from the trial and execution of Jesus. No doubt they had heard reports of His resurrection, but evidently had not believed them. They trudged along with heavy hearts and souls laden with doubt.

Cleopas little realized that this day would be the most precious memory in all the world to him. The glory of Easter and its triumph had not yet dawned on the horizon of these downcast souls.

"Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart;
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day—
Were just one day apart."

It may appear strange that Christ's own disciples did not recognize their Fellow Traveller; yet how often has it been so in our experience. He has followed us in our wanderings, but we have been slow to recognize Him. We have been so absorbed with the tinsel and un-

THE SECRET OF A RELIGION OF POWER

(Continued from page 9)

Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God . . . And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins."

The Sonship of Jesus is discredited. His claims—"Because I live, ye shall live also"—John 14:19—are thrown to the ground; the ignominious death of a malefactor is the last comment upon all His teaching, if He did not rise from the grave.

All our hopes for a fuller life after death are dashed to the ground if He has not the power to burst the bonds of the grave.

The emphasis on power is backed up by Christian experience through all the years. If I might in all reverence use the word in this connection, was there ever a mightier "punch" than that which rolled away the stone from the tomb? And the tomb was empty!

No wonder there was consternation throughout religious Jerusalem. That kind of thing was quite outside their reckoning. Yet—and I think I shall be understood in saying so—I myself have seen and heard of as great and wonderful workings of Divine power.

A few hours ago, for instance, I left the bedside of an invalid retired Officer of seventy, in his modest little home. Unbelievably frail because of extensive operations, he has for years been confined to his bed; suffering constantly from asthma and other bronchial afflictions, his condition is such that often he cannot permit air to pass beyond the top of his lungs; it is painful to observe the strain involved in the least effort; but never a sound of self-pity or a murmur of complaint passes his lips. Rather is he radiant in spirit and full of praise to God. "There must be a plan in it, and I am content to receive it from the good will of a wise, loving, Heavenly Father."

The consoling presence of One who was crucified, was buried, and is alive for ever more gives him un-failing strength and power to over-

real that our eyes have not been able to recognize the Altogether Lovely One.

Christ was quick to observe that their hearts were troubled. He is always seeking out the troubled and harassed souls of the world and constantly dispelling gloom and sadness and doubt. His whole message is one of life and hope and resurrection. He is, without doubt, the Man for these times of trouble and depression and anxiety.

If we could only persuade the world this Easter time to bring Jesus their burdens, what a changed world it would be! He is the great Burden Bearer.

"And He went in to tarry with them." So runs Luke's account of the incident. What a glorious possibility! He wants to enter into the home-life of our land and sit at meat with the family. He wants to be the Head of the house. It was not until they were at the meal that their Guest's identity was revealed to the disciples. We are often so slow to recognize Jesus in the common

come rejoicingly. The joyous certainty of his faith sent me forth with renewed assurance in the power and presence of the Risen Lord.

I think also of the Good Friday meetings away in Tanganyika, with the poor blind gathering to raise their voices in praise—"He lives, my Saviour lives." So recently they were dark in soul as well as in vision, but are their changed lives any more wonderful than the power which took the Officers, who teach them, away from their homes in Britain to distant Africa, there to toil and grow pale as they offer up their lives amid heathen darkness, superstition and disease, in the service of the Risen Christ?

I think of the helpless victims of vicious habit who have knelt at The Army Penitent-Form, there to find power to break the chains which hold them.

Then there are the brave lads from sheltered homes, who by the hundreds are finding the power to withstand the fierce temptations of active service life; of the selfish girls whose hard spirit has been broken down so that they have become gentle and compassionate. There is no lack of the Resurrection power in this age, as in every age.

Whether we avail ourselves of it is another matter. We need not. In many homes in England there is electric light in the living-room, but the householders still go to bed by candle-light. The price for making the power available in the less-used rooms was thought too high!

There is a price which must be paid. The price of surrender to God's will. Gethsemane and the Open Tomb are inseparable. In the dark garden, whilst the disciples were sleeping, Jesus faced the ultimate cost of Redemption. "Not My will, but Thine be done." He said, and the agony of surrender showed itself in the great drops of blood upon His face. The victory was won at that moment, though the physical agony had to be endured. There

(Continued from page 5)

ern life and the tragedy of this fateful hour; to the thousands who long for a just and lasting peace more than anything else, there comes the voice of Jesus saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"; and again, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Let us then dry our tears. The sorrows of to-day will surely pass away, and just as the brightness of the Resurrection morning followed the darkness of the day on Calvary, so will the darkness of these years of war end, and peace shall come again. Indeed, many are earnestly praying, not without some justification, that this may be the last Easter with the nations at war for a long, long time.

And to all who are in deep sorrow because of absence, illness or death of loved ones, let us remember that Jesus promised, ere He left the earth, that "The Holy Spirit, the Comforter, should come."

May He come to each one of us this Eastertide.

tasks of life, but when He is admitted, then "our hearts burn within us," and we are warmed by the glow of His wonderful presence.

WHAT mighty results have sprung from the experience of walking with God. Companionship with Jesus is the greatest privilege of life. "Fellowship with Thee," we sing in our devotional meetings, and



Colonel G. W. Peacock

we are lifted up to newer standards of spiritual experiences. It was said of Enoch:

"He climbed Love's ladder so high,
From a round at the top he stepped to the sky."

A walk with the Master changes our outlook and helps us to make discovery of the real meaning of life. God discloses His secrets to those who live close to Him. Cleopas and others with him were quickened in their spirits as a result of the visit of the risen Christ. Immediately they were up and off back to Jerusalem to testify that they had seen the Lord. Is it not a natural result that, when we have seen Jesus, we want to tell others? A quickened soul cannot be suppressed. It must give expression to the joy within.

Have you seen the Lord? If not, thank God you can enjoy His challenging presence in your life and home and daily walk and talk.

"O Man of Galilee,
Stay with and strengthen me,
Walk Thou through life with me,
O Man of Galilee."

came to Him, unobstructed by any vestige of self-will, power for the betrayal, the mocking and scourging, the travesty of the trial; power to cry, "Father, forgive them"; power to say, "It is finished"; power to step from the tomb!

Let us draw as near as we dare to this sublime and searching passion, for there alone is the secret of a religion of power.

EVENT

EXPERIENCE

BY CAPTAIN
ARNOLD BROWN

TOO many people think that Easter is an event instead of an experience, though it can be both.

To Chad Mouller, Easter was an event only—the biggest event of his life.

He sat in his penitentiary cell wishing with all his heart that the mighty machine which hammered and throbbed and clanged within him would stop before he was physically ill. He hadn't known such excitement since his early boyhood and young manhood—since the days when happenings like discovering a brand-new bicycle beside his bed on Christmas morning, bringing home his first pay cheque from the factory, and taking a girl friend home for the first time were experiences of indescribable inner turmoil.

In his surroundings there could be only one reason for such an upheaval of emotion and spirit—release!

Staggering thought! This was the twenty-first Easter Sunday he had spent in this story, silent place. Exactly half his life had evaporated into nothingness. Millions of minutes, never to be recaptured, had been swallowed up by the ogre of inflexible prison routine.

Worse still, losing much, he had gained nothing, unless it be a dankness of heart that rivalled the dank impersonality of the stone and steel that caged him.

But this was to be the last Easter Sunday like this.

To-morrow would bring freedom! The very thought of it sent wheels spinning in Chad's mind, and that horrible, nauseating banging in the pit of his stomach started again.

"O God, did ever a river look so clear and fluidly flowing and inviting? Did ever a field appear so green and fragrantly fresh? And that garden to the right? Was ever a flower plot so beautifully enamel-

led with a riot of Spring colors?"

Chad's eyes forgot their prison myopia in a bewildering spaciousness of view. Two little children could be seen, dancing with a pet dog at the river's edge. Chad saw them, and their kiddish gambolling made him laugh, laugh heartily, and then, a bit deliriously.

Of course one must remember he hadn't seen a child for half a lifetime.

"Well, Chad, this is your big day," said The Army Captain.

No answer. Near delirium had given place to a strange nervousness.

"Biggest day you've had for twenty years, Chad," pursued the Officer.

No answer. Chad shuddered violently. His hands were trembling so noticeably that he stuck them in his pockets.

"It's a big day for Christendom, too, Chad," said the Captain. He leaned over and switched on the

THE FACTUAL STORY
OF A PRISONER WHO
PROVED A TRUTH THAT
ALL OTHERS ALSO
COULD AND SHOULD

heater in the car, thinking maybe Chad was cold.

"Yes, this is the day, just over nineteen centuries ago, that gave humanity a new lease on life. It was a pretty black outlook before then. Guess it was very much as if every one were in prison, hemmed in by walls of doubt and speculation. What lay beyond the bounds of life no one knew."



Staggering thought! This was the twenty-first Easter Sunday he had spent in this story, silent place.

Chad continued to tremble.

"Then, that first Eastertide, Christ rose from the dead. That changed the whole picture. Some One had broken through the mystery. Beyond the last heart-beat it was not now all heartache. There was hope. Past the gates of death there was the freedom of life everlasting for all who believed in Jesus."

Chad stared silently out of the window at the unrolling view.

"And because Christ triumphed, we can triumph also, Chad."

Chad said nothing, but he continued to tremble—like a last-clinging leaf on a tree that is shaken by a wintry wind.

Easter was only an event to him. But Easter as an experience was not far away.

Paroled in The Salvation Army's care, Chad was taking his place in society. Work and a carefully-chosen boarding house had been found for him. Respectable clothing on his back, dollars in his pockets, and a growing list of friends were Chad's portion.

But there was still something lacking. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Spiritually, Chad was still incarcerated.

Every now and again tides of bitterness swept over him, tides which,

when they went out, left the sediment of anger and revenge and rebellion on the shores of his soul.

After all, he was a stranger in a strange land. He needed a Guide. He was a sheep—perhaps a black sheep—among a pack of ravening wolves which would happily have torn him to pieces. He needed a Shepherd.

He needed the Easter experience.

It happened one afternoon in the office of The Salvation Army's Prison Secretary. Chad was making a routine call. It turned out to be the most disturbing hour of his life. Disturbing, because old things passed away, and all things became new. Old ideas, erroneous concepts, wrongful emotions, misdirected passions were cast out of his life in one act of penitent seeking. He junked the whole lot.

Chad, who, self-confessedly was dead in trespass and sin, had an Easter experience. He rose to new life in Christ Jesus!

When he left the office his heart beat with a thrill beyond the vocabulary of angels.

Easter, 1943, was an event—a big event.

But the Easter experience can happen any day of the year, Chad had proven it!

building. The course of its arches can still be traced. This is accepted by many scholars as the Gabbatha, or Pavement, where Pilate sat in judgment and acquiesced in the demand of the Jews that Jesus be put to death. Cut in the slab in the pavement are games such as would appeal to the Roman soldiers.

Jerusalem's most famous shrine is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, now closed to public worship owing to the collapse of one of its domes. Visitors are only admitted during certain hours in small parties accompanied by a guide. It was Queen Helena, with the aid of Macarius, the then Bishop of Jerusalem, who selected this site as marking the place of Crucifixion and Burial of our Lord in the year 326. Queen Helena was the mother of Constantine, who became the first Christian Emperor.

Here we must remember that when Queen Helena came to Jerusalem seeking the holy places, there was no official record of their existence. Since the Crucifixion Jerusalem had been twice utterly destroyed. Then, when the Roman Emperor, Hadrian, rebuilt the city in the year 135, he expelled both Jew and Christian and took a delight in

JERUSALEM'S HOLY PLACES

(Continued from page 8)

obliterating and defiling those places dear to them by erecting pagan temples over them. Over the tomb of Christ he is said to have erected a temple to Venus. Macarius found the remains of such a temple. Helena had the site cleared and here was found a rock-hewn tomb prepared for the reception of a single body. This was accepted as the Sepulchre of Christ, and a spot on the terrace above as marking the place of Crucifixion.

Over these sites a great church was erected. It stands within the present city walls, whereas the Bible story records that Christ was crucified "without the city walls." The walls are only some 400 years old. Until we know the course of the wall that enclosed the city in Christ's time, it is impossible to say whether the church stood within the walls or not.

Sir C. W. Wilson, who gave a great deal of study to the claims of the Holy Sepulchre on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, has summed up the position very aptly. He says, "There is no decisive rea-

son, historical, traditional, or topographical, for placing Golgotha and the Tomb where they are now shown. At the same time, there is no direct evidence that they were not so situated. No objection urged against the sites is of such a convincing nature that it need disturb the minds of those who accept, in all good faith, the authenticity of the places hallowed by the prayers of countless pilgrims since the days of Constantine."

Outside the City Wall

Outside the ramparts, not far from the Damascus Gate, there is a rocky knoll. Seen from the city wall, it has somewhat the appearance of a human skull, two cavities forming the eye-sockets and another the mouth. General Gordon, who carried out survey work in Palestine on behalf of the Palestine Exploration Fund, came to the conclusion that it might prove to be the Golgotha of the New Testament. Adjoining the hill is a garden containing an ancient Jewish tomb. Here, indeed, were conditions that seem to

fit in with the sacred narrative. It resulted in the garden being purchased by an English Protestant Society.

Here we must not lose sight of facts. There is no evidence in the Bible that Golgotha was skull-like in form, or that Christ was sacrificed on a hill. The association of Calvary with a hill seems to be based solely on the opening words of the familiar hymn: "There is a green hill far away." Then, geologists tell us that the skull-like appearance is due to artificial causes. The cavities were originally cisterns which have broken out as the result of quarrying operations. Then, equally ancient Jewish tombs have been found in other parts of Jerusalem.

As in the case of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one feels further evidence is needed before either site can be really accepted as correct. Yet, to turn into the quiet, peaceful garden after the bustle of the city is very comforting. Protestant friends in Jerusalem resort to the garden on Easter morn and hold an informal service there when the garden echoes to the strains of the hymn: "Christ the Lord is Risen To-day!"

LEAVES OF HEALING

(Continued from page 3)



with the Indian soldiers that they complained that they "got well too quickly," and were full of sorrow when the time came for their discharge.

At the conclusion of the war the Hospital reverted to its ordinary purposes, and is still carrying on an excellent work.

The services of Dr. Sikundar him-

(Left) A Salvationist doctor in India greets some of his patients. (Below) Inmates of a Leper Colony display disease-ridden hands. The Army, through its Medical Missionary work, has effected some marvellous cures among the lepers

gained in Travancore was once more called into existence, work which quickly developed into a hospital."

AFTER the establishment of the Gujarat Hospital, arrangements were made for Andrews to take a course of reading, and so he went to the University of Illinois in America, himself contributing toward the cost of his support, as well as paying all the fees by his work during the course.

Before he had been in the University a year he was selected by the surgeons to perform delicate operations in front of the students. He returned to India a fully-qualified doctor.

On his return he organized a third Hospital in North India, to be known as the "Thomas Emery" Hospital, a large sum being donated for the purpose by the late Miss Emery, in memory of her father.

His Hopes Were Realized

While the legacy was only sufficient to erect a Hospital with about thirty beds, the Doctor, with wise forethought, prepared plans for a much larger institution with at least one hundred beds, and with suitable accommodation for the staff. He had the satisfaction of seeing his hopes realized, and when the war was taxing to the utmost the accommodation of existing military hospitals for Indian troops, The Army was able to place at the disposal of the Government one of the best and most perfectly equipped hospitals in the country, together with Dr. Sikundar and his staff.

The Hospital became so popular

self were requisitioned by the military authorities for the North-West Frontier, where warlike frontier tribes were creating troubles, and it was there that he met his death, under circumstances described in the following extract from the "London Gazette" which announced the award of the V.C.:

"Captain Andrews was senior medical officer in charge of the Khajuro post. Hearing that the convoy had been attacked, he immediately took out an aid post under heavy fire and established it, affording some protection to the wounded, but none to himself. Subsequently he was compelled to remove it, but continued most devotedly to attend the wounded. Finally, when an ambulance was available, he showed the utmost disregard for danger in collecting the wounded under fire and placing them in the am-

bulance. Eventually he was killed on the completion of his task."

Major-General Sir Patrick Hehir, I.M.S. (retired), writing to the "British Medical Journal," said:

"Dr. Henry John Andrews, V.C., M.B.E., I.M.S., Salvation Army, whose posthumous award of the Victoria Cross has been announced . . . met his death in the way I believe he would have chosen, in service to others, doing his duty—the ideal way for an Army doctor . . ."

"We worked together in the Northern Command in India when I was A.D.M.S. there . . . He was energetic, brimful of vitality, extremely modest, quiet, thorough and reliable, completely unselfish, and his devotion to duty was most inspiring to others . . . His goodness infected all those around him, and one feels confident that his influence will continue for many a day in the neighborhood in which he worked."

Loved by the Poor

"He was a man with broad human sympathies, and a splendid type of the medical missionary in India. He was loved by the poor, and their care, comfort and treatment were meticulously attended to in his Hospital. He was a good operator, and crowds of people flocked from various parts of the Moradabad district to be treated by him. He designed and supervised the construction of The Salvation Army Hospital at Moradabad. It is a model of what a district hospital should be in India. It is one of the few hospitals in Oudh that has its own tube well. I was particularly struck with the admirable way in which the various departments of the hospital were arranged. It was well organized and administered. The hospital was made over to Government as a War Hospital in a whole-hearted manner by The Salvation Army, and did most laudable work for our sick and wounded Indian soldiers. For such a man the future life could have no cause for apprehension, and we may be certain that he was welcomed into the other world with the words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;

We touch Him
in life's
throng
and press
And we are
whole
again.

WHEN
SPRINGTIME
MERGES INTO
SUMMER

This charming camera study of youth will awaken in the minds of many adult readers nostalgic memories of early summer days "down on the old farm"

A PRAYER

LORD, make me an instrument of
Your peace!
Where there is hatred . . . let me
sow love;
Where there is injury . . . pardon;
Where there is doubt . . . faith;
Where there is despair . . . hope;
Where there is darkness . . . light;
Where there is sadness . . . joy.
O Divine Master, grant that I may
not so much seek
To be consoled . . . as to console;
To be understood . . . as to under-
stand;
To be loved . . . as to love.
For . . .
It is in giving . . . that we receive;
It is in pardoning . . . that we are
pardoned;
It is in dying . . . that we are born
to Eternal Life.

Francis of Assisi.

Flowers of the Yukon

(Continued from page 6)

One cannot speak of the Yukon flora without making special mention of the great variety of orchids to be found there, the most common being the Siberian orchis, a large purplish pink blossom with white spots. The flower alone is hardly fragrant, but growing as it usually does in great masses, the odor is elusively sweet.

There is an occasional pure white orchid, a beautiful single flower surrounded by long, acute, bright green leaves, a rare find even for the experienced botanist. The fragrant bog orchid, the fly-spotted orchis, the dainty Calypso, the little coral root and the small white orchid with the overhanging green lip, all grow beneath the "slide" above Dawson, around which so many mystic tales are woven for our welcome visitors.

Exquisite mosses carpet the entire country, while the thoughtful housewife may fill the family larder in anticipation of the winter months with jellies and preserves made from wild strawberries, currants, blueberries, cranberries, raspberries, roseberries, gooseberries, and the high bush cranberry. Do you like mushrooms? Then come to the Yukon where huge pails full may be gathered in the early summer

From Cross to Crown

LIVE Christ!—and though
thy life may be
In much a valedictory,
The heavy cross brings seem-
ing loss,
But wins the crown of victory.
John Oxenham.

mornings. No poison weeds or flowers to disturb us here.

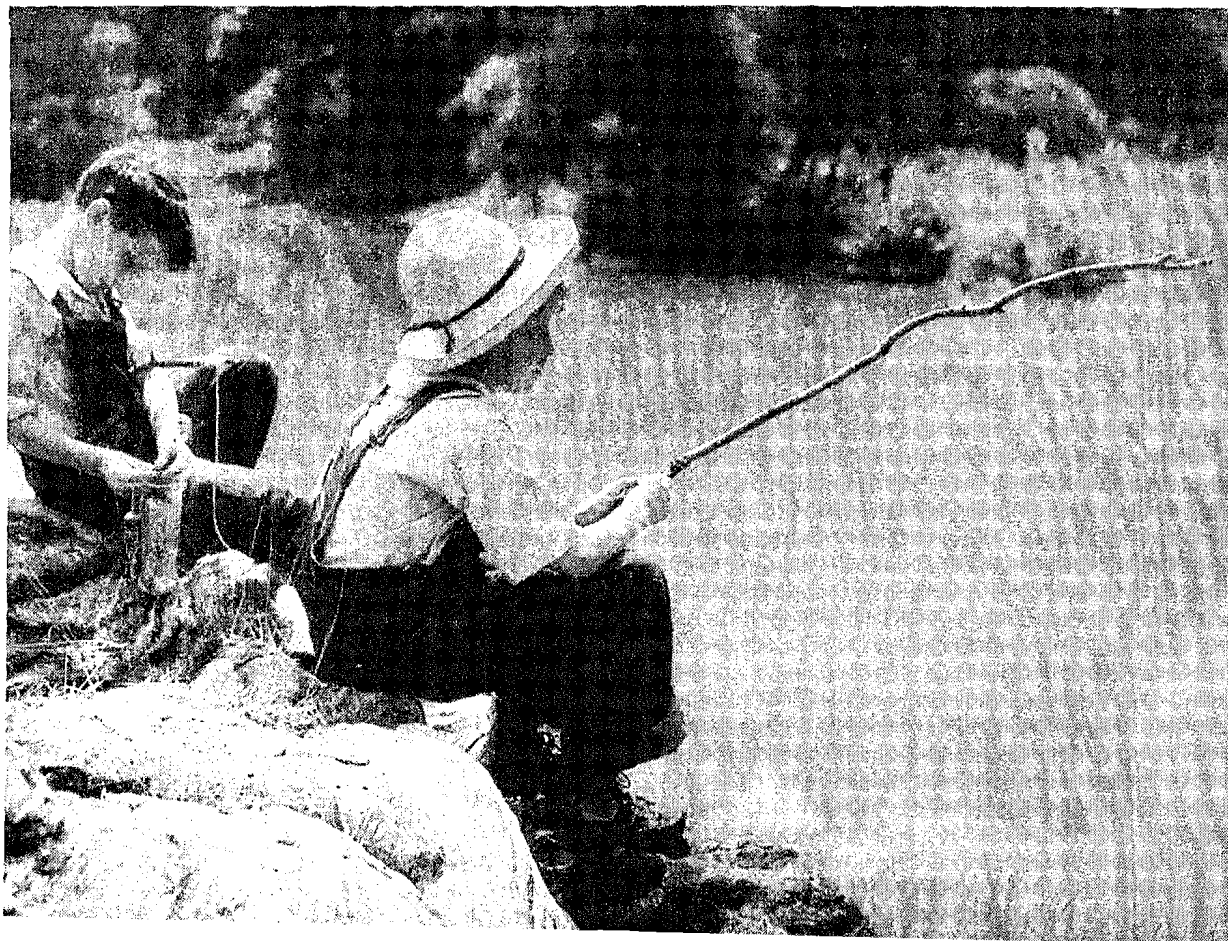
To tell the story of the Yukon flora would be to paint a pen picture that would tax the belief of those who have not seen it, but to the traveller within our gates we would say, pause, and while you are listening to the golden story that our dredges and hydraulics pour forth, heed the mystic tale of the birds, the butterflies, and most of all the flowers that are woven into a carpet of velvet, combining all the beauties of Oriental coloring.

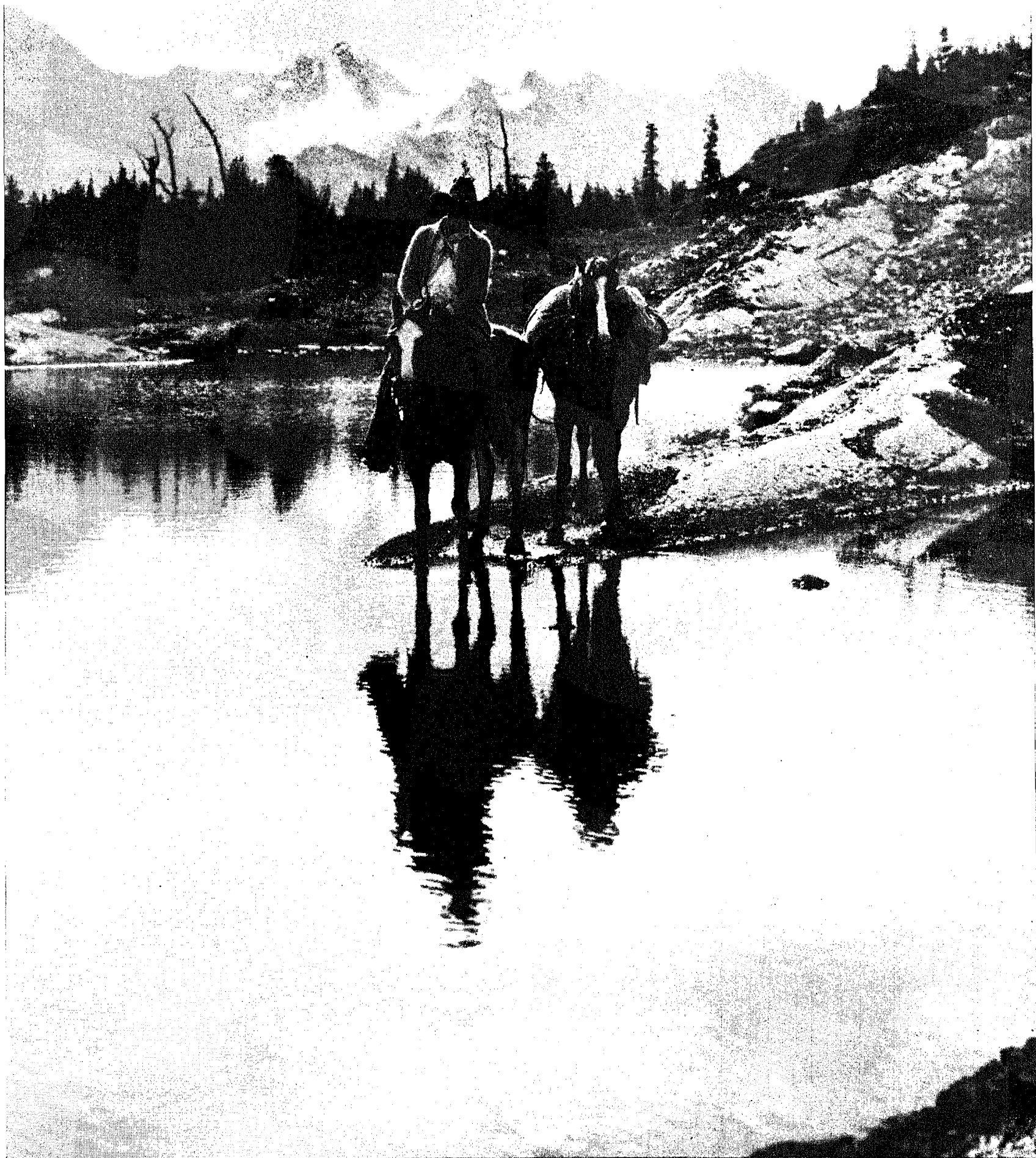
The garden of my heart covers over two hundred thousand square miles of territory, so that all are welcome.

He Saw His Mother's Face

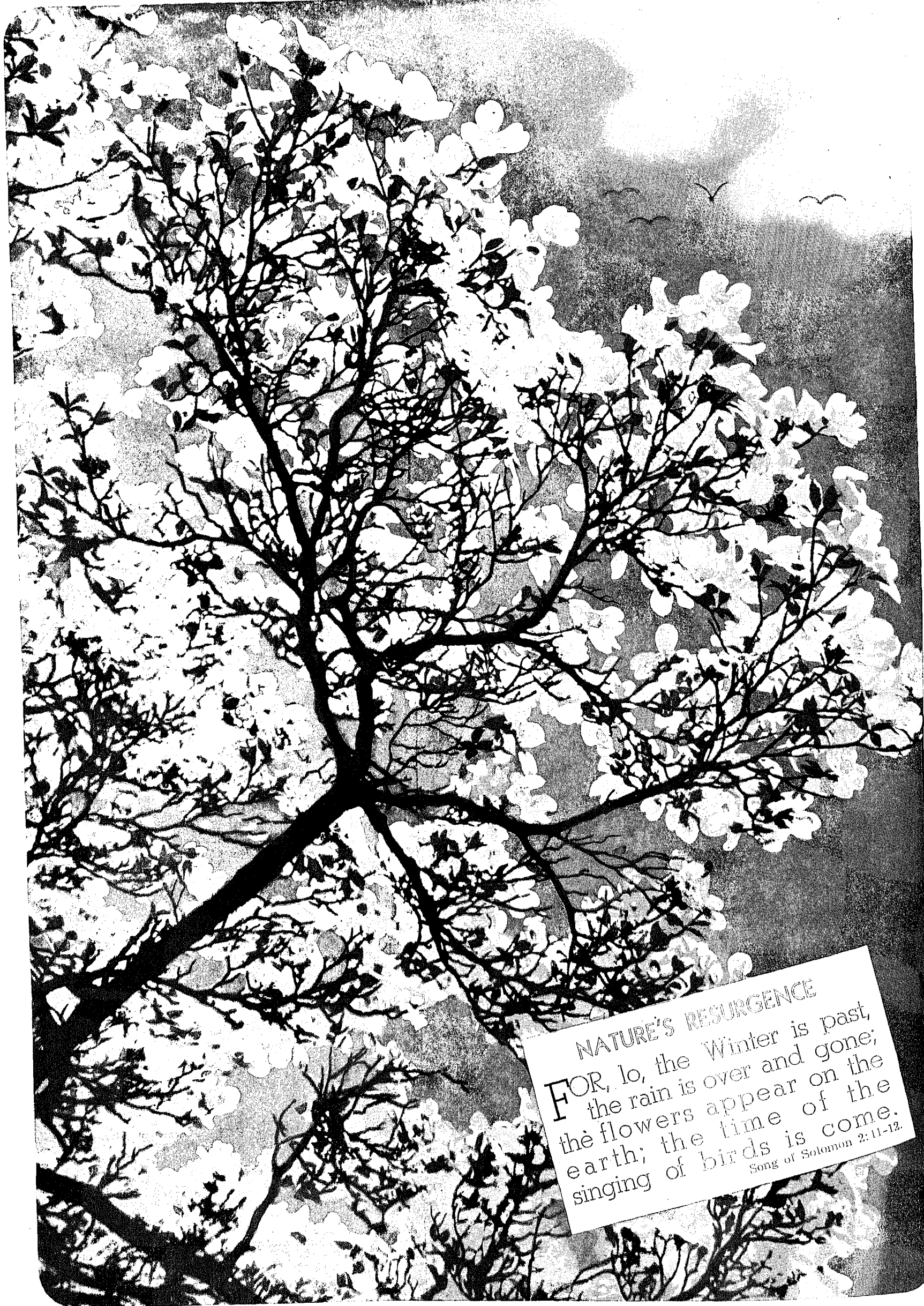
(Continued from page 7)

brought, and the man began to behave more like a rational being. His gratitude was most affecting. In accordance with the police order he was compelled to leave town, to go—where? Let us hope that he sought to lean upon the mighty aid of his mother's God, for without that help no drunkard or drug addict can snap the fetters which bind him.





Opening the Spring trail in the Western hills



NATURE'S RESURGENCE
FOR, lo, the Winter is past,
the rain is over and gone;
the flowers appear on the
earth; the time of the
singing of birds is come.
Song of Solomon 2: 11-12.